



dj drama + dead prez

TURN OFF THE RADIO VOLUME 4

# REVOLUTIONARY BUT GANGSTA GRILZ

"born in the Struggle, built in the Streets"

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Far From Over"

[DJ Drama:]

You know I've been working so hard, I got skinny again

That means I'm still hungry

Dead Prez

Barack O Drama

[Hook:]

I know way too many people here right now listening to this mixtape like who the fuck are yall

I swear it feels like the last few years in the mainstream everyone forgot about reppin the cause

What are we doin what are we doin oh yeah what about let's get free taking care of family this is the song of my  
life man

Cause all I know to be is a soldier for my culture and it's far from over

[M1:]

RBG RBG Dead Prez like Lantern never fall off what the hell was yall thinking

We 10 years deep still real still eatin still middle finger to the police and still mean it

This is RBG code this is more than just a pop song if you don't know must not of been out on the block long  
Let me show you how to speak the language in better form I swear this life is like the realist movement ever born

Truth is like a 44 magnum in this business I'm out to go Jonathen Jackson on you bitches

Little homie you know you could catch cancer from them swishers don't get lost in that liquor till it eats up your  
liver

Gotta spit it how I live it I am my brothers keeper rappers integrity today is cheaper than some reefer

The whole game is blunted everybody want to be a stunner, but where's the honour when the white man run it

[Hook]

[stic.man:]

Yo one thing about music when it hits you feel no pain ten years later ain't shit changed, but the players in the  
game

Still ahead of the pack as Drake studied my rap matter of fact I give to that,

but at least he ain't sellin no crack so I take my flow right back

Stop the beef it doesn't matter how many records they sellin cause all this bullshit they yellin gonna start a  
hiphop rebellion

In the real world don't have no bounaries and fears this word sound power that we put in their ears can change  
the world

It's bigger than diamonds in your necklace we out here doin dope toatin pistols actin

reckless in the real world you can't just act like you don't care

Cause what you gonna have when the fame and fourtune disappear

if you a rapper trapper actor finger snapper copy cater or a money gettin cracka just say it

But then if you fake snake cake claimin that you pushin weight when you ain't do I really have to say it

[Hook]

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Exhibit M"

*[DJ Drama:]*

I mean, we can agree that balance is necessary, right? We can agree that some of this shit done got out of control, right?  
We ain't gonna take it too far left, though. We gonna stay street, stay revolutionary right here in this middle lane

*[M1:]*

Yo, imagine me with no imagination  
No imitation. It's Exhibit M... it's my improvisation  
Hope I improved on what you thought was impossible  
My impersonation of myself is mythological  
Emperor Imhotep—I am a saurus  
I'm a monk up in the mountains, meditating in the marshes  
Importing that magical forest, smoking that Mary Jane  
Self-medicating myself. This world is so insane  
I put my emphasis on things more important  
Yo, it's M. Jordan imparting wisdom with my performance  
I'm Immortal Technically speaking  
Immaculately conceiving  
Hit you with that Swahili greeting  
I'm the one between the L and the N  
Motherfuck... Oh please excuse, I get excited  
I'm against the M-N-F-N system  
They immobilize the marches of the movement  
And imprison many people  
Now they monitor the music  
Making martyrs out of you and me  
We ain't getting Emmy's or no Oscars or no Grammy's  
It's the same old inmate to the Uno  
The emblem is the panther, not a pimp  
And my woman is an empress if you ever get a glimpse  
My impression of a moron is an empty minded man  
For an imbecile, death is imminent. Understand?  
Murder one. Master knowledge, but my mama says, "Mutulu  
Fuck around and get impaled. Yo, don't let the smile fool you  
Leave a mark on your monument."  
Fuck the X and the Y. The M gene is dominant  
M-M-M-Malcolm and M-M-M-Mart-Martin

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Malcolm, Garvey, Huey"

(feat. Divine)

Malcolm Garvey Huey, study Malcolm Garvey Huey  
Their life is like a movie  
Study Malcolm Garvey Huey, Malcolm Garvey Huey  
Malcolm Garvey Huey, their life is like a movie

I live, I die, I organize  
Everything I do's revolutionize  
I build what's good for the whole damn hood  
Study G's like these, really think you should  
I study Malcolm Garvey Huey, Malcolm Garvey Huey  
Monster kody with a UZI, listening to Fela Kuti  
I'm a goon with the machete, especially if it's deadly  
Got the Santos for the Xe to protect me, so respect me  
This is heavy legendary, revolutionary  
My wifey she resurrect me when they thought they had me burried  
Took me out the cemetery, now it's family over every  
Cause it's always necessary to avoid the commissary  
I'mma live for you five, so I stopped getting high  
If you know, then you recognize, it's that Black and Brown pride  
This the power of the mind, RBG, God Divine  
You can see it through the lies if you can read between the lines

I live, I die, I organize  
Everything I do - revolutionize  
I build what's good for the whole damn hood  
Study G's like these, really think you should  
I study Malcolm Garvey Huey, Malcolm Garvey Huey  
Malcolm Garvey Huey, Malcolm Garvey Huey

Malcolm, Garvey, Huey, Bunchy, Bobby, Pac 'n Tookie  
Sitting by the door, so you can say I'm acting spooky  
Just like in the movie, son, you better pack it tooley  
Niggas squish be acting fruity or be cracking like they tookie  
Rather smoke a doobie than be burning and alluding  
Bang bang, pig shooting, we should blame Rudy Julie  
Banging for the cameras, China White & nose candy  
Unless you're banging on the system, you're a gangsta wearing panties  
RBG my family from the Bronx to Miami  
Police cannot stand me packing y'all like a manny  
Call me Little Bobby Hutton, cause I'm first to push the button  
Rappers don't be saying nothing to the system, we say fuck 'em  
This is for Nahonda, mama see, Mama Akuwa  
All the real OGs, I'm a soldier cause you told me study  
Malcolm Garvey Huey, Malcolm Garvey Huey  
Malcolm Garvey Huey I'm reportin' in for duty

Stic.-ie-ickie, yours truely, here for duty  
Down davino, M A uno, you know how we dropped the jury  
This is real not a movie, not Mickey Donald Goofy  
I'm a soldier, I avoid a bitch nigga like the cooties  
Screwface in a hoodie, fresh pair of khakis  
We can do this like we fam or go to war like the Apaches  
For whatever I stay ready, I learned that in Tallahassee  
Babatunde used to school me as a juvie skipping classes  
Never let the system use me, my duty is my passage  
Watch the homies in your army, they don't always show their badges  
Keep your family living healthy, teach your children 'bout their blackness  
Teach your wifey how to use the ratchet, this shit is classic  
Get your food, clothes n shelter, fuck the system pimp it backwards  
I ain't hating, I'm just saying if you wanna be a rapper study Malcolm Garvey Huey

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Fear Not The Revolution"

No reason to get scared  
Change is necessary  
Somebody gotta' do somethin'  
Who better than us?

*[M1:]*

Nothing to fear but fear itself  
Use your experience like wealth and get rich b\*tch  
I know niggas that fear success  
So they sabotage they self  
I question their mental health  
Help me understand it  
I'm battling with my demons like the next man  
But I expect to stand victorious, vainglorious  
Head up and encourage us, like Afeni did to Pac  
It can send you into shock  
It can bring you to a stop  
Shook stop in your tracks  
Fear of our responsibility by Ho Chi Minh  
If you're looking for a weakness hope you don't see me  
We're so gangsta but scared of our own shadow you see  
It's your reflection  
And we're searching for direction but our compass is broke  
Put it in your GPS and still don't know where to go  
It's the heart  
It's the spirit  
It's the soul  
Trust yourself, if it's green then go  
If it's not then don't

*[Hook:]*

This is the revolution  
This is our only solution  
This is officially a takeover not a makeover  
We on our way soldiers

*[Stic.Man:]*

Crime scene forensics, syringes  
Dope fiend binges  
The pain seem endless  
My soul cringes  
Old women asleep on park benches  
It's heart wrenching  
Below poverty level existence  
No public assistance  
They system is against us  
We runaway slaves, political prisoners

They manufacture disease, create sickness  
Then they rent you the cure for the symptoms  
To them it's just business  
We the fuel for they corporate engines  
A swastika and dollar sign should be they emblem  
We the have nots without a pot to piss in  
Living in third world conditions  
I don't wanna be a victim no more  
So much stress living under pressure in the trenches  
The struggle is a lifelong sentence if you listen  
You can hear the wretched of the earth in the distance  
Coming for our day of vengeance

*[Hook]*

This is the revolution  
This is our only solution  
This is revolutionary but gangsta grillz  
This is what's really real